

III

Uppsala is Tops!Magister

Answer me, Glunten, and answer me true -
 Taking no heed of any minor variations
 Such as may happen (we know that they do)
 Inside all Faculties and Colleges and Nations -
 Say, isn't Uppsala a marvellous spot?
 Miles above any other spot there is in Sweden?
 I'd be prepared to risk betting - why not? -
 Better than any other place this side of Eden.

Glunten

Yes, pull out all the stops,
 Uppsala is tops!
 Best bit of work was ever done by the Creator,
 Compared with all the rest
 It's bloody well the best -
 Nothing to touch it from the Pole to the Equator -

Both

No!
 Nowhere else in the wide world you'll find a spot
 Where a student so enjoys a happy lot;
 There's no risk that anybody cares a jot
 Though a gent be drunk as any Hottentot.
 If there is such a place it must be somewhere in space which no one yet has
 been able to trace!

Magister

All your remarks are extremely well placed;
 Of my opinions you're already in possession;
 Still upon some (of inferior taste)
 Uppsala's excellences don't make much impression.
 Some of their Gothenburg venture to boast,
 Others in Stockholm spend their time and eke their tenner's,
 Some have been known to make Karlstad their toast,
 Some think no fruit can be as excellent as Gränna's.

Glunten

My boy, there is no rule
Of whatever school
So strict as never to admit of variation;
And who expects the mole,
Burrowing in his hole,
Ever to give the sun unstinted admiration?

Both

No!
Nowhere else in the wide world you'll find a spot
Where a student so enjoys a happy lot;
There's no risk that anybody cares a jot
Though a gent be drunk as any Hottentot.
If there is such a place it must be somewhere in space which no one yet has
been able to trace!

Glunten

Both

Master

All your remarks are extremely well placed!
Of my opinions you're already in possession!
Sell upon some (of inferior taste)
Uppass's & excellences don't make much impression.
Some of their Colthorpe venture to boast
Others in Stockholm spend their time and one their tears

IV

On the Castle Hill, by moonlightMagister

Ah, with what glory the moon's full splendour
Sheds its white radiance over land and lea!

Glunten

Cloudless the heavens: the bright stars send a
Heart-warming twinkle down to you and me.

Both

There blazes Sirius, there Orion,
There glides the Swan on an indigo sea.
Ah, with what glory the moon's full splendour
Sheds its white radiance over land and lea!

Magister

See, in the moonlight how every casement
Glitters like diamonds in the frosty air.

Glunten

Once, by the bastion's steep emplacement
Stood a slim prince, to serenade his fair;

Both

And, at the window, Cecilia Wasa,
Dazzling in beauty, with pale gold hair!
See, in the moonlight how every casement
Glitters like diamonds in the frosty air.

Magister

Bathed in the moonbeams, transfigured, sleeping,
Lies the cathedral, with its noble choir.

Glunten

Look, at its foot, how the night mists, creeping
Set off the brightness of the tapering spire.

BothGloria in excelsis Deo!

What though man struggles in murk and mire?
Bathed in the moonbeams, transfigured, sleeping,
Lies the cathedral, with its noble choir.

Magister

Much can be seen from this favoured eyrie
If we go forward for a longer view.

Glunten

If, yes; but since we're distinctly weary
Let's cut it out: the clock has just struck two!

Both

Do not suppose, though, you fading planets,
We're off to bed now, the same as you!
Much can be seen from this favoured eyrie
If we go forward for a longer view.

Magister

Search where you will in our land's wide borders,
Nowhere have night-birds such a happy lot.

Glunten

Better the Uppsala clink's hard quarters
Than state apartments, and a royal cot.

Both

Now let us knock our way in to Lamby's:
Porter for us, in a pewter pot!
Search where you will in our land's wide borders,
Nowhere have night-birds such a happy lot!

XII

Magister's unsuccessful serenadeGlunten

Softly, put out your cigar now;
 Here's the place to sing your lay,
 I will manage the guitar, now:
 Fire away! - I'll give you "A".

Magister

O gentle maiden, should'st thou waken
 At these my numbers, curb thine ire!
 Too young art thou to know the pangs of love forsaken;
 Not yet hast thou been warmed by Hope's undying fire!

Glunten

Any movement of the curtain?
 No, she's sleeping like a stock.
 You must sing again, that's certain -
Willst du nicht, so musst du doch!

Magister

If to thine ear my ditty reaches,
 Forbid it, love, to linger there!
 Direct it to thy heart, O loveliest of creatures,
 For from my heart it came, and sighs of love it bare.
 Not a sound?

Glunten

Not a sound!

Magister

And not a light?

Glunten

No, not a light!

Magister

No sign of recognition?

Glunten

None!

If you want to wake the maiden
You will need a bass trombone,
Or to sing your serenade in
Some gigantic megaphone.

Both

She must be the damndest female if she's capable of sleeping while two
basses sing outside as loudly as they can!
Make her realize that such indifference on her part is enough to sour the
temper of the most indulgent man!
Come on, let's shout! Make a racket!

Placet!

Give it a go!
Stamp on the pavement and mock her,
Shock her,
Waken her so!

Glunten

Psst! - the curtain moves! - be quiet - I spy . . .
Give your serenade another try -
Penultimate stanza!

Magister

If to thine ear my ditty reaches,
Forbid it, love, to . . .

Glunten

Forgive me, I should not have spoken:
All's as it was before.

Magister

The last link of love's chain is broken!
I'll sing no more - I'll roar!

Both

Kick at her front door and batter
 At her;
 Have no remorse!
 Knock at the window and flout her,
 Rout her:
 Shout yourself hoarse!
 Go now: spread the tale to left and right
 Of the scandal that was caused last night
 By two drunken students!
 By two drunken students!

Clayton

Under the bed with my sorrow,
 Presently lie
 Yes, I will die,
 Time to cut loose from the trailer,
 Nothing of present but seems to come right,
 Sick of us boys and the wrongs;
 Brother, I'm sick of existence tonight

Master

Soon comes a golden to-morrow,
 It's not the end,
 No, no, old friend!

Clayton

How it's "always ahead",
 I'd distasteful
 Once to fate
 Ever takes command us,
 Presently
 But you see,

Both

Clayton

Master

Spring's on the way, and the political process

XIV

Glunten in search of a touchGlunten

I have been running around till I'm tired,
Hither and yon through the whole blessed town;
Never a sixpence so far I've acquired,
And very shortly the sun will go down.

At five the bill is due;
Now it is half-past two;
Throw me a lifebelt, or else I shall drown!

Magister

Let me hear first of all the sum that you owe,
Who is your creditor, and all your tale of woe.

Glunten

Fifty-five riksdaler, that is what he made it,
Liljegren the grocer, and if I evade it
He'll have me arrested till I've fully paid it,
And it's certain he will give me no more credit.
You can bet your boots!

Magister

Happy he, whose duns appear so few in number,
And whom debts so small encumber,
And whose credit is so good!

Glunten

Well, I'm in a stew.
God knows what I'll do.

Magister

It's clear you are born to a happy lot.

Glunten

It is clear I'm not!

Glunten

Stop talking nonsense, and give me assistance.
 Granted the debt is as small as you say;
 I ask your aid, with no little insistence,
 For, after all, I must pay up to-day.
 Don't stand there silently;
 Show me some sympathy;
 You're my last hope: will you answer me Nay?

Magister

Swear you'll implicitly obey my commands,
 And I will extricate you from the grocer's hands.

Glunten

Yes, I swear an oath, too deep for recitation,
 That without a single moment's hesitation
 I will now proceed to put in operation
 All you think may be required on the occasion.
 You can bet your boots!

Magister

Go you home, and dress you in your finest feathers,
 Yellow gloves and patent leathers,
 And your latest natty suit.

Glunten

Well, my boy, and so?
 Then where shall I go?

Magister

Why, try your landlady, you precious flat!

Glunten

Never thought of that!

Both

Never thought of that!